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Palestra 1924-10-01

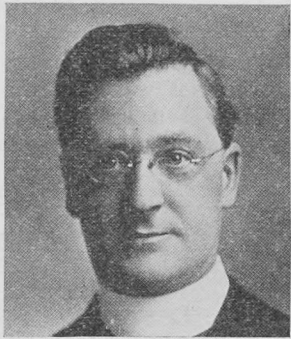
Editors of The Palestra

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Many New Faces In Faculty

Fr. Murphy Is New Prefect of Studies for College

There have been several important changes in the Faculty of the College for the new year. Teachers who have been long familiar to us have left, and others have come in their places. Every year witnesses its changes, but this year has seen the removal of figures for long part of the College life.

The first change in order of importance was the appointment of Fr. Murphy, S. J., to the office of Prefect of Studies, in place of Fr. Coudeyre, S. J., who has been sent to St. Leo's High School in Tacoma. Fr. Coudeyre had been eleven years at the College, teaching and exercising the functions of his office. He is widely known throughout Seattle and his absence will be sadly felt.

Fr. Murphy, his successor, has been at the College for the last four years. He had been previously President of Santa Clara University in California. His term as President and his long experience as a teacher make him preeminently fitted for the position he now occupies.

Several have left us. Fr. Stern, S. J., has been changed to Cleveland, Ohio, and Fr. Bennett, S. J., formerly Treasurer at Gonzaga University, has taken his place. Mr. Elliott, S. J., has gone to Rome to continue his studies in the Eternal City, after three years of faithful work at the College. Mr. Maginnis, S. J., has been changed to Santa Clara University in California where he is teaching mathematics. The football team misses his presence much. We hear that Santa Clara almost beat California and it seems natural to think that he must have had something to do with it.

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BELLINGHAM SMOTHERS COLLEGE IN POOR GAME

On Saturday, October 4th, twelve men representing the football talent of Seattle College were defeated by Bellingham Normal by the overwhelming score of fifty-one to nothing. That score was probably the largest ever rolled by any opponent against an athletic team of Seattle College. It was a public disgrace.

By this we do not mean that those twelve men who took part in that game disgraced themselves or their school. On the contrary, we are proud of them. They went into that game knowing that they had no chance to win; they fought merely to hold the score down to respectable figures and uphold the athletic reputation of Seattle College. They gave everything they had. Nothing more could be asked.

But that team was not by any means representative of Seattle College. A school boasting of 200 able-bodied students should indeed be ashamed to send a squad of only twelve men anywhere. Bellingham Normal, a school with only 200 male students enrolled, met our even dozen with a squad of fifty-four. We suffer, indeed, by the comparison. Why cannot Seattle College, with an enrollment of as many students, turn out as large, or nearly as large, a squad as the Normal? There is something lacking somewhere; something radically wrong.

Are we going to take that defeat and remain indifferent? Are we losing that old fighting spirit which has pushed Seattle College to the front so rapidly in the past few years? That defeat was a terrible setback to the athletic prestige it has taken five years to attain, and it came as the direct result of indifference on the part of the student body.

That sore lack of spirit on our part is ingratitude to our faculty and our benefactors who have done and are doing everything in their power to make Seattle College the school it ought to be; unfair to our friends and alumni who have learned to expect great things from us in athletics, as well as in all other activities; unfair to ourselves.

We have just completed the first month of the school year, and we have still plenty of time to redeem ourselves. Let us begin today to take a greater interest; let us show that same old spirit we have shown in past years. Let every available

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MOTHERS' CLUB MEETS AND PLANS ACTIVE CAMPAIGN

Throughout the summer regular meetings of the Mothers' Club were held and two successful card parties put on. The Mothers are still with us. Since the start of the school year another card party has already been sponsored by our benefactors, and they are laying plans for an active winter.

At the last meeting it was decided that the day of meeting for the club should be Thursday instead of Wednesday. The change was necessitated by the difficulty of obtaining the hall on Wednesday.

Every student should see to it that his mother knows of the existence of the club. The mothers of all our students are eligible for membership, and are cordially invited to join.

The energy and perservance of the Mothers' Club did much for the school last year, and the promise of future activity augurs well for us in the year to come. Every student should aid with any means at his disposal to further its ends. When notice comes of a Mothers' Club card party get to work and advertise. It isn't much work to tell the people that a card party is to be held at such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time, and it isn't much work to sell tickets to the party to people who are already desirous of obtaining them.

Between the mothers and the sons much can be done for our school; and the mothers need the sons; so help them.

LEST WE FORGET

Lest we forget we have an all-important game looming up in the future. In the early part of December the Panthers are due to tangle with the Columbia University of Portland at Denny Field. This is something to look forward to, as Columbia is our principal rival in all the sports. So far we have had a slight advantage over them in basketball, and have broken even in baseball. We have not met on the gridiron, but it looks as though we will have an even chance to defeat them. It will not do to belittle their machine and there is no reason for us to feel any over-confidence in regard to the game. There is a good chance to show some of the school spirit that our worthy president spoke about in his inaugural speech. There is no reason why the school cannot turn out as a body to help the team to victory.



Student Body Elects New President

Howard LeClair Chosen President and George Stuntz Re-elected

By Granville Egan.

Seven years ago, when Seattle College occupied the old quarters at Broadway and Madison, a small, dark, smiling youth entered the portals of this institution. That day marked the beginning of seven years service to Alma Mater. Seven years of conscientious effort, and the will to do all in his power for the betterment of the school he had learned to love so well. Nothing was too little for him, no task too large. When it was athletics, altho too small to make the first team, he was out there every night trying his best, to give what little opposition he might. (Right here is the strong temptation to emulate our well-known friend Ruskin, and chase the butter fly of the man who turns out to be of some use to his school and team. But, unlike Ruskin, I will resist.) When it was time to practice for plays, each evening found him bound for school. It is the spirit like his that has made the Panther teams feared and their dramatic endeavors famous.

While he was doing his duty, as he saw it, an ambition took possession of him, an ambition that took seven years to realize.

The election fever spreading over the country, sweeping all before its far-reaching scope, and leaving in its wake hundreds of delighted new officials, struck the College September 9th at 11:30 a. m. On that day Howard LeClair's seven-year ambition was realized.

Our new president told us, in a short talk, that if we had any suggestions to make, we would find him in his office on the top floor, those of us who have any "kick coming," or any grievance, remember the words of LeClair. He also

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Student Body Elects New President

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told us his secret. You have read the secret above, but he modestly omitted telling of the seven years' labor.

Last year LeClair was president of the combined Sophomore and Junior classes, besides being captain of the Debating team, so the presidential toga will be no novelty for him.



George Rover Stuntz, that man of directing genius and tireless efforts, was, as a token of his incomparable work, unanimously re-elected to the difficult and trying position of Athletic Manager. Never, as long as the oldest inhabitants can remember, has any manager taken as much interest in the teams as George. He not only arranged sufficient games, but obtained the best possible games. The best recommendation that the writer can give him is: compare the schedules of former years with Stuntz'.

A brother Palestra writer called Courtney inimitable. He struck the right chord. Inimitable John was present in all his inimitableness. The one and only (if I may borrow the sobriquet of Walter Mails) presided in all his eloquence and grandiloquence. And when he stepped forward to speak, the reception that greeted him would have flattered Coolidge. In his slow, even tones he told us why we were gathered together, the duty we had to perform, and the necessity for performing it well. The outgoing President congratulated the newly elected one, and from his heart wished him all the success that had been his.

Everything was run off in a smooth manner, and, after a few remarks from Father Burke, the assemblage disbanded with the feeling which can come only from a duty well done.

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ALUMNI NOTES

Howdy, folks! Seems nice to be back after so grand a vacation. Things don't change much in a few months; but we do notice the absence of some well-known physiognomies that used to decorate the halls.

Oh, how we yearn for the smiling face of Richard Connell! And the swish of Lee Burke's silken locks. Even a year's passage can make that loss no easier to bear. The joys of yesteryear are gone, and no one realizes it better than we do—and Chub. Lee is once again drinking soothing draughts from the waters of knowledge at Gonzaga. He is also one of the embryo stars on the football squad.

Ben Bowling and Bill Fox are quite important business men on Seattle's broad Rialto these days.

I hear Al Brazeau moved up to Canada; strange place for an Irishman.

Ray Ouellette is still with the Typewriter Exchange on Second Ave.

"Babe" McAteer and his brother Jim are building boats daily. In between times "Babe" takes a few hours off and shows the football team how things should be done.

One sad thing we have to recall. Charlie Moriarty has suffered the loss of his mother. We extend to him, one of our most loyal alumni, our sincere condolences. May her soul rest in peace.

Senior Debating Society Meets

By Vincent McCullough

"They came, they saw, they debated" would be a necessary revision of that pithy Caesarian reply to the Roman senate, in order to adapt it to the Philalethic debating society. To date two meetings have been called yet the results are manifold. The customary election of officers took place at the first session. Senators Courtney and Townsend and Martin were chosen for the respective offices of president, vice-president and sergeant-at-arms, while Senator Murphy, despite all objection and protests, was unanimously elected secretary.

The second meeting was, if possible, more interesting. The officers were installed; the minutes were accepted as read and the various states allotted to the new members. Following this it was decided to form a debating team and Howard Le Clair, the present captain, was instructed to secure a number of contests with other schools.

Then came the debate. The subject was the old stand-by: "Resolved, The Japanese exclusion act is unjust." Undoubtedly this is a worn-out question, yet it is all the more credit to the debaters that they made it interesting. Granville Egan and Howard Le Clair upheld the affirmative, while Henry Ivers and "Bernie" Scholtes opposed them. Senator Le Clair was decidedly the star. In the rebuttal

PALESTRA STAFF CHANGED

Many changes have taken place in the Palestra Staff this year, and chief among them is that the Editor-in-Chief, John Murphy, who, with John Courtney, held the office of associate editor last year, has taken over this important office, succeeding Henry Ivers. Murphy has contributed in great proportion to the success of the paper in the last two years, and it is not with surprise that we see him promoted to this important role. Patrick Henry and Laurence Booth are endeavoring to fill the gaps left vacant by Courtney and Murphy.

Raymond Young, whose interesting articles have regularly enhanced the pages of the Palestra, is succeeding Howard LeClair as Literary Editor. Edmund O'Connor, the author of the spicy column "Omar's Oasis," holds again the position of feature editor. George Stuntz is Alumni Editor, and Vincent McCullough is Exchange Editor.

The Sport Editor, James McLaughlin, and the Associate Sport Editor, Charles McGregor, are two live wires, and have had much experience in handling sporting columns. McLaughlin held the latter office last year, while MacGregor has done some good work as reporter and press agent for the Junior teams.

James Mullally, Fred Hoffman, James Christoph and Malcolm McKinnon constitute the reportorial staff.

Bud Reany, winner of the Loyalty Medal last year, is the Business Manager, while Jay Montgomery, who last year held Reaney's present position, is Circulation Manager.

The advertising solicitors, those who manifested their skill in procuring ads in the past, are Sylvester, O'Donnell, Talbot Carroll, Charles Schaar, Jack Pierce and Thomas McHugh.

especially, he demonstrated his ability to destroy fallacious but well sounding arguments. To rank the remaining three would be a difficult task. The audience, however, decided the negative victorious by a score of ten to twelve. The Critic, Senator Stuntz, and the Moderator, Mr. Dunne, S. J., said that, on the whole, it was one of the best debates in the history of the society, considering wording, delivery and logic.

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Bellingham Normal Smothers College

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man in both high school and college departments turn out for football today and do his part to develop a football team really representative of Seattle College. Let us show our friends and benefactors, and the public in general, that we are worthy of the interest they are taking in us. It means sacrifice on our part, but we can do it. Let us act and act now. We are ruining a good football team by our indifference.

COLLEGE COMMEMORATES COLUMBUS DAY

On October 12 we celebrated the four hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the discovery of America. Every student can do well to call to mind the historic voyages of the great Admiral and try to draw some lesson from them.

Columbus was a man possessed of an ideal. A dreamer, he was called by some, but nevertheless he saw his dreams become realities. As a result of this ideal he has become the first on a nation's roll of honor. He did more for the spread of democracy and freedom than any single man in the history of time.

Without Columbus this continent might have remained for years an unknown land and science would have been delayed in its progress for centuries. But an ideal of a humble mariner gave to a world new continents and its first lessons in practical navigation.

Above all Columbus had a perseverance that we could well imitate. Time after time failure seemed to be his lot but he carried on until victory was certain. His greatest trust was a sublime faith in God.

In this day and age when the world seems to forget God and to quit when a task seems hard, we can well remember Columbus and hold him up as the most extraordinary example of faith, of courage, and perseverance.

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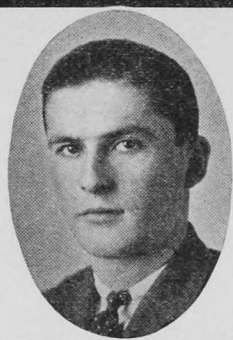
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WILLIAM T. KENDALL, DEAD

On September 19th, the students of the College heard the sad news of the death of William Kendall, a member of last year's Freshman class. His death came after an illness of a month's duration. Though expected, it was a great shock to those who knew and loved him, and they were legion. Kendall was one of the most popular fellows who ever attended the College. His bubbling life and inexhaustible vitality made him prominent in every branch of College activities. He was a star on last year's crack basketball team, was quarterback on the previous year's football team and conspicuous in all class activities.

He held several positions on both the Palestra and Echo staffs during his school career, and was president of the Student Mission Crusade. In spite of all these activities he was an honor student.

But it was not his athletic nor his scholastic eminence that made him popular with his fellow-students, it was the lovable qualities he possessed to so great a degree. "Bill" was gentleness personified. His continued kindness and consideration for others were manifested in many ways. Harsh words were things that we could not connect with him. Also crude and ribald expressions were things that never crossed his lips.

His popularity was well merited, and his life was an example to others; so was his death, a death wonderfully calm and peaceful. He had received the last Sacraments and was perfectly willing to resign his soul into the hands of his Maker, confident in His Mercy and Goodness.

His death was a sad blow, but we grieve more for ourselves and for those who have lost his company than for him, whom we feel confident is now in Heaven.

The whole school extends its most sincere condolences to his bereaved parents, sharing in their loss but, with them, confident of his happiness.

INITIATIVE No. 49

It is hardly necessary to again call to mind the fact that on election day next month we must defend our constitutional rights and privileges. Whether the infamous initiative measure known as the school bill will pass is a matter of speculation, but nevertheless it is our duty as citizens to do all in our power to inform our friends of the true aims and purposes of the bill.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, has truly said that it is a "bill to make impossible the American system of education." We should always remember that the private school was the first American School and that the public system was a substitute for those who, for one reason or another, did not care to attend a private institution.

The primary purpose of the bill, as we all know, is to destroy every private and parochial school in the state and to give to a group of paid politicians a complete monopoly on education. Some few of us at Seattle College have the great honor of being able to exercise the privilege of the ballot. As voters it is not only our solemn duty to vote against Initiative 49, but an added duty to impress on our non-Catholic neighbor the undeniable fact that this bill is "UN-AMERICAN, UNCONSTITUTIONAL, UNNECESSARY, UNESSENTIAL, UNFAIR AND UNJUST."

First Meeting of Junior Crusade Begins Another Debating Society Year

The Junior Debating Society held its first meeting of the year under the supervision of its able moderator, Mr. Falvey, S. J., on Sept. 12th, 1924. A temporary chairman was appointed by the Moderator to preside over the Society until officers were elected.

The nominations for the presidency were immediately opened. Messrs. R. Young, D. Foley and H. Fagan were nominated for the chair. After the members had cast their votes and the returns were counted, the chairman announced that Mr. R. Young had been elected.

The elections for the other offices were hotly contested, and after the smoke of battle had cleared away we found Mr. A. Flajole occupying the vice-presidential chair, Mr. P. Barry holding the secretarial office, and Mr. Carol Montgomery keeping law and order in the position of Sergeant-at-Arms.

The officers then gave the little speech which is customary in all the best-regulated clubs and societies. They might not have been elaborate, but they were sufficient for the occasion, and at the end of each oratorical attempt the spokesmen received gratifying applause.

The Moderator then appointed two teams to debate the following week on the question, "Resolved, That the National Defense is for the betterment of the Country." The meeting then came to a successful and peaceful close.

Many New Faces In Faculty

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Though some have gone more have joined us. Fr. Driscoll, S. J., comes from the house of studies at Los Gatos to teach the Senior class. He is putting the finishing touches on those who next summer will be our first A. B.'s in several years. Fr. Jette, S. J., a former missionary in Alaska, is teaching French in Fr. Coudeyre's place.

From Mt. St. Michael's, the source from whence the teachers flow, come Mr. Moffat, S. J., and Mr. Gaffney, S. J. Mr. Moffat is holding forth in Second A, while Mr. Gaffney teaches mathematics. Mr. Crowley, S. J., last year at Santa Clara, is teaching Second B.

All have become used to their new places and the year has settled down into its ordinarily smooth run. We wish our new teachers all success, though we realize what we say; and we say good-bye to those who were our teachers, and wish them all success also in their new appointments.

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A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of the Students of Seattle College

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ON GETTING INTERESTED First down. Eight months to go! September is behind. Eight more months of school year lie ahead. Eight milestones to be passed before the goal is reached. Judge from your experiences of the past month and ask yourself these questions, "What do the next eight months hold in store for me? Will they drag and seem never to end, or will they pass, like youth, too soon? In June will I look back upon this year at Seattle College as a year of monotonous routine or as a year of pleasant associations, new accomplishments, real happiness?" Decide to make this a real worth-while year in your life, and listen while we tell you how to do it:

Get interested! Get interested in athletics, in the clubs, the societies, the sodalities, in writing or working for the Palestra and the Annual, in the orchestra, the library, the store, the student body, in your class. Get interested in any or all of these and do it now.

It is for this very purpose of getting you interested that such a wide variety of student activities and organizations exist in the College. You should realize this fact and take advantage of it.

Another thing: Don't merely take a passive interest. Too often in the case of the various organizations, though boasting a large membership, only a few take any real active part in what's done, while the others sit by and do little more than attend the regular meetings. It is the few that do things who derive the greatest satisfaction from their work and are most admired by the other students.

The idea is much the same as that of having a hobby, about which so many preach. It is to turn the mind from the routine of the day to other pursuits. Wise employers give vacations to those under them. Wise employees spend their vacations, not in absolute idleness, but in occupations differing from those in which they are regularly engaged, though frequently more strenuous. This getting interested in something else is real recreation.

So, if you wish to keep out of the ruts, if you wish to raise yourself in your own estimation and in the estimation of others; if you wish to enjoy the next eight months of school—get interested!

THE RETREAT "The Month of the Rosary" has been, in Seattle College, yearly associated with that of Retreat, but this year the Retreat will be later. Our Lady, as a loving Mother, watches over us and constantly protects us; yet she requires our co-operation. Next to a daily recitation of the Rosary and the Memorare there is in our minds no more effective means of working with her for our salvation than the splendid opportunity offered by the coming retreat. And with Our Lady as our Patroness we can look forward to success in this important undertaking. For a few days we shall put every consideration aside and turn to the task of examining our "inner self," discovering failings which we pass over in light strain during our busy school and working days, days which are crowded with earthly and material pleasure, with but a fleeting thought of the Good God, Our Creator; of eternity and what it holds in store for us. Let us stop now and ask the question: "Are we prepared to stand before our Creator, to face the fruits of our labors, and to meet our judgment to everlasting life or death, as the case may be?"

All who, in former years, have made the yearly retreat, remember well the benefits derived. Three days of happiness, of peace, of joys, which can only come from close communion with Almighty God, are again offered to the Student Body. If taken seriously, and if the frivolities of our modern, speedy and pleasure-crazed world, are set aside, untold spiritual benefits will be reaped.

A broader realization of the peace of heart and exaltation of mind that these few days of prayer and contemplation brings to our souls, wearied and storm-tossed on the sea of temptation, is gained by the student making the retreat.

We return to our tasks each year from the retreat with a broader knowledge and a deeper appreciation of our holy faith. A few words here should be said to the students who are nearing the completion of their studies, whether academic or college. Do not let the world retreat fade out of your minds with passing of school-days, but when the opportunity is offered to make another one, grasp it. This is a new scholastic year, and during the coming retreat, let your "New Year's Resolution" be to make a retreat at least once a year throughout the space of time allotted to us to seek eternal salvation.

Success is the goal of every student, and this thought never reached the pinnacle, which it has in our pleasure-seeking twentieth century. But let us remember well the words of that remarkable sermon, rendered on the occasion of the Mass of the Holy Ghost: "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.

"Unless the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

FOOTBALL The month of October brings THE GAME back to us, once more, that most virile and manly of all athletic games—college football. The ever-increasing popularity of this sport, and the willingness of our great American universities to appropriate thousands of dollars for its propagation, often leads us to wonder whether or not it is worth the expenditure. Those who know football know that it is a wise investment that pays wonderful dividends.

The aim of every college today should be, and is, to develop real men. Men whose minds and bodies are trained to perfection; men who are morally, physically and mentally fit to combat the world and uphold the honor of the na-

tion. And it is to develop that kind of men that partners in the work of education.

Football is essentially a man's game; it develops real men. The fierce bodily contact, the danger of injury, the exposure to all sorts of weather and the complete immersion of the individual in team play, make it a game for only the stout of heart: a game in which weaklings cannot endure. Football teaches the youth to forget injuries, disregard aches and pains, fling away all fear, and fight doggedly for the attainment of one end. What better training, or what finer preparation for future life can be found? Combine the knowledge acquired in the class room with the lessons and physical prowess acquired through participation in the grid game, and you have the perfect man. A man who is a credit to himself and to his school.

But football is not only popular as a moulder of men and an aid to education. It is immensely popular as a game; so popular, in fact, that every large college in the country has found it necessary to erect immense stadiums, accommodating from fifty to one hundred thousand spectators.

Football is loved by the American youth because it is clean, manly, virile sport, wherein he can lawfully use his youthful energy. It is loved by the American public because it provides competition, and that is just what the American thrives on. Then, too, football is a game of real thrills, excitement, enthusiasm and action. And few indeed are those who can calmly watch a brilliant off-tackle plunge by a big fighting fullback, a beautifully executed forward pass, or a brilliant open field run to a touchdown in the closing minutes of play, without feeling some thrills, or rising to some degree of emotion and enthusiasm. And when a man is constantly thrilled for an hour and a half he completely forgets himself and becomes again a carefree, joyous youth, shouting, howling and laughing, exulting in the joy of living.

Hence it is, then, that this month we again pay homage to football, the king of college sports, the game for the real man.

THE LESSON OF DEATH The death of William Kendall, one of the most popular men in the school, one who was brimming with life and vitality, one from whom death seemed far away, has brought some serious thoughts to many of us. The separation death entails is brought home, the terrors of death strike us; but there is another side presented to our consideration. Our school-fellow died the death of a saint; he was contented; he looked forward with trust and confidence to the Heaven that was promised to him. A lifetime of suffering is all to short a period to spend willingly, were we sure it would obtain for us a death such as his. Yet he obtained it by the beautiful life he led on earth. He was always ready.

That is the thought that comes home. If one is always ready the terrors of death are infinitely less; in fact they are nullified by the vivid hope in a Catholic heart for the glories that are to come.

Be always ready, for it is the word of God Himself that you "know not the day nor the hour."

In our grief for the one who has preceded us to the throne of God, let us appreciate the lesson he has taught. Lead a life clean, reverent, dutiful, and the end of life will be such as his; as clear an indication as man can have of future blessedness.

OMAR'S OASIS



Have some applesauce, fella!

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Makes a crooked grocer
The richest in the land.

Monahan: "What's the name of that song, Rock?"

Rock: "What'll I Do."

Monahan: "Go jump in the lake."



PENOZA'S PREDICTIONS.

1. Dan Foley will cut his hand opening a can of beans during the month of November.
2. Martin Hicks won't send his pool table to us from Ellensburg.
3. Washington will beat California by at least two touchdowns.
4. Fat Martin outweighs the Senior class.

ODE.

Oh! There was an ancient mariner,
And he sat upon a stone;
"Duck on the rock," a sailor cried,
As he bounced one off his dome.

MARTIN'S MOTTO.

Trust everybody—but don't forget
to cut the cards.

All of which reminds us that Scholtes, the king of the duck-mesmerizers, with his gun-bearer, Al Fisher, paid a visit to La Conner Flats to open the duck-hunting season last week. The mathematical calculations of the two differ as to the number of birds slain. Al claims they bought two and Bernie says that honest-and-truly they shot THREE.

The choir will now sing:

True it is,
Eh! Ed,
That Inez
With curly head,
And winsome smile and all
That sort of thing,
Has vamped your friend, John P—
Oh, death! Where is thy sting?
—By Joe, the Sly Fox.

TAKE THIS LITERALLY.

You can always tell a college man when you see him, but you can't tell him NOTHING.

Prof.: "Use the word usurp in a sentence, Fagan."

Fagan: "I usurp on my waffles."

Our friend, Wally Patten, claims that the real reason why he hasn't much success in tackling the football dummy is because the darn thing doesn't seem to have any neck.

SONG OF LOVE.

My Rebecca's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose;
Wears clothes of latest cut,
Lovely disposition, but—
What a nose.

MERKLE'S MATE.

"Crashing the gate" (obtaining free admission to an event), is an art that was known even to the ancients. Did not Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great "crash the gate" into many a hostile city? In the wide-open spaces of our own merry land, a vagrant gentleman known as "One-Eyed" Connolly, has aced into more sporting classics than there are wrinkles on an alligator's great coat.

Be that as it might, we know one young neophyte who some day may out-distance even him of the lonely optic. Let us introduce Lorn "Phat" McCarron. His right to fame rests in the daring with which he scaled the barrier separating him from the delights of a neighborhood carnival, only to be informed, with the warmth of personal satisfaction still rampant, that general admission was free, gratis and also for nothing.

COURTNEY'S FIRST COMPOSITION.

"Fish are animals eaten only on Friday. Some fish are wales wile others are smelt. Fish are sow thirst that they stay in water awl the tyme accept when they are cot bye peopul. When they are children they are called minnose and when they

HELP! HELP!

We make our annual appeal. Help the Palestra. Help it with articles. Help it with stories. Help it with poems. Help it with ADS. Help it any way and in any way you can think of, that it may be the interesting and representative paper it aims to be; that you may be proud of it, and feel also that you have a share in its production. The paper is for the whole school to have a part in. If you have an idea you want to see in print write an editorial (good English required), and give it to the Editor-in-Chief. If you would like more pictures, go out and get more ads, so that the paper will have enough money to put in pictures.

Anyway help the Palestra. We need the help of everyone, and we want the help of everyone. Here is your invitation, so do not claim that you were never asked.

grow up they become great big larg wales. Then they throw water threw their nose like fountains. They have no ears or eyebrows and are deaf like grandma. They keep jumping out of the water to keep warm. They never sleep, because they would drowned to death and maybe die."

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LITERARY GLEANINGS

:-: :-:

THE CLASSICS

Again comes a tribute to the classics from those who know. "The Wide World" tells us: "The assertion by Dean Andrew F. West, of Princeton University, that a careful survey had revealed an increasing popularity of the study of Latin and Greek in the high schools was so widely applauded in the press and by men of education everywhere, that the only conclusion to be drawn is that a study of the classic languages is highly beneficial. The testimony for the classics comes largely from men who know from experience the benefits of the study, no matter how much they may have rebelled at it during their school and college days. Most of those who commented on the results of the survey, which was financed by the general education board, spoke not only of the cultural value of the study, but also of the benefits in developing the mind—and it was conclusively shown in the careful survey that the Latin and Greek scholars also led their classes in sciences and all the other subjects.

This new and unexpected popularity of the classic language is a welcome change from that new and tenacious modern view that only the "practical" courses should be taught, in other words, only the materialistic. The survey and the testimony in its support have revealed that the study of the classic languages in the long run is the most "practical," because it gives young minds a better foundation for the education and work of later life. Study of the classics, therefore, has its materialistic or practical value, as well as its undoubted cultural advantages. Chief Justice Taft points out a very widely held opinion when he says that "many of those in authority are beginning to see that a less ambitious course of studies including Latin and mathematics, thoroughly taught, makes a much better basis for the education of life, even though it is not continued through a college training, than the superficial smattering of many subjects that is now given to high school students."

Study of the classics tends to perfect the use of English, not only because of the practice of translating from one language to the other, but also because many of the English words are derived from Latin or Greek. But, of course, that is almost too obvious to mention. That is proved now conclusively, however, by the long and painstaking study made by Dean West and his associates, who will soon issue a detailed report of their investigation."

The proceeding words are true, true in a very deep sense. The classics do for the pupil all that the article claims for them, and do much more. It is a pleasure to see men of influence, men who know, stand up for the classics and their place in the school curriculum.

AROUND THE WORLD IN AN AEROPLANE

By Ray Young, H. S., '25

I was sick. I must see a doctor. You can't tell what might happen. I found his office in a skyscraper, after reading the M. D.'s on every door in the building. He wore heliotrope socks, but he looked like Napoleon. I told him how the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had affected my health. Then he looked grave and mentioned a string of grievances that flesh is heir to—mostly ending in "itis." He advised a change of climate and ten dollars for professional services rendered.

I then reserved a seat in the rubber-neck plane for the around-the-world-tour which left that afternoon. After a few minutes' preparation I arrived on the field just in time to be strapped in the plane. During the first day of the trip I was reminded of a certain meal which I had eaten prior to the flight.

The slight rocking motion of the plane put me to sleep, and it was not till the next day that I awoke. We were in Arizona, according to schedule,—in the wild and woolly West, land of the prickly pear, where cattlemen—the nobility of the desert, grandees of the grass, kings of kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone—ruled supreme. The tang and savor of sagebrush were sweet and thick about us. The ambient prairie diversified by sandy knolls and murky patches of brush and cacti, lay around us like a darkened bowl.

We shot eastward over blue waters and paused to admire an island of a tropical aspect.

"We are now over the West Indies," explained the conductor of the tour. "You will notice the gentlemen below, in the twenty-cent suit, chopping down sugar-cane. He lives in a grass hut on stilts. When he shows up after a hard day in the fields he finds a stewed banana waiting for him. Pity the poor creature! He may be out of reach of the coal trust, but he fries his carcass at 140 degrees in the shade!"

Still eastward we clove our way, and up from the sea rose a whole continent of church spires and tiny gardens and first-class scenery.

"You see below," said the guide, "the Chateau de la Sirloin. You perhaps notice the little patches below. They're not flower boxes, but farms. The farmer allows his wife and three children to exercise in the open. When the day is done they will dally with a black bun coated with shellac, haggle over an escalated potato and drink a 'demitasse' of 'cafe noir.' He lets the children amuse themselves with a

large radish while he takes a dose of antediluvian wine."

In our next jump we could make out London and the Thames.

"What's the crowd of people down there doing?" asked some enthusiastic pilgrim.

"Oh," answered the omniscient one, "that's probably some admirers of the Prince of Wales, waiting for a last look at the prospective king of Merrie England, before his nurse tucks him in bed. In this modern Babylon the men wear twenty-five-dollar suits with the trousers fitting snugly under the arms, the shoulders and chest padded with excelsior. They drink Lipton's tea and eat beefsteak so well done it has clinkers in it. The royal skeletons drink large slugs of aromatic spirits of Caledonia diluted with tepid water. It is common knowledge in Europe, however, that England is about as merry as the side view of a hearse."

"We are now crossing the Irish Sea," continued the guide. "That green patch below is Ireland, the home of laughter and song. The Irish, as you all know, are loyal and loving subjects of the king, and whenever they get a chance they plaster him with an assortment of choice vegetables."

We moved on. Below us spread the vast beehives of Europe till we came to a wide expanse of white desert.

"Below is Egypt," explained the guide. "In this very place, it may be interesting to note, agriculture was invented a good many centuries before the year one. The exhibit to which I call particular attention is a dark-skinned person, a peasant. He works twenty-four hours, and has the rest of the day to himself. He has inherited the privilege of straightening up twice a day, facing eastward, and giving thanks to Mohammed."

Egypt faded from view behind the Mediterranean and we now sailed above Turkey.

"We are now over the province of Bromo-Seltzer, Iam of Muskat," began the conductor. "If we were to land now a band of cut-throat Turks would make dumplings out of us." He then called to the lad at the wheel and advised him to step on the gas.

Then the ground below became black.

"We are now in India," continued the guide. "The land of mystery. Those myriads of individuals you see below, in the cotton nighties, are toiling in the fields for reward in the next animal they might inhabit. It is a great scheme for the landowner to pay off his human work animals with checks payable in the hereafter."

We soon landed on the other side of the Pacific, in the old U. S. A.,

THE HERO

A man is only a hero as long as the shivers last,

The thrills that throb in the watcher's heart and pass away so fast;

So this is the tale of a hero, one whom the sports called great; Now he is one of the motley crew loading a ship with freight.

He covered a manly figure with pads in the days gone by,

And pushed the leather globule through the teams that wondered why;

Eleven grappling foemen who never had done him wrong,

He spoiled their handsome faces, for he was very strong.

He was the College hero, and many called him friend;

Those days are gone forever; for the best of things must end.

Forgotten are all his glories, and all the games he won,

For he bungled a play on one big day—a bonehead, only one.

His was a chance for honor; his College was three behind;

His was the magic number that crossed through the quarter's mind;

He charged through the men in front; he straight-armed the men before;

Then he broke through and the others knew he packed the winning score.

The day was dark and gloomy; the goal seemed far away;

And the men behind were close behind, for they would say him nay;

The way was long and the white marks flew; surely his race was done;

His was all the glory—he was the only one.

He stopped while the stands were frantic; he had arrived alone;

The whirling cries of his comrades came; his face with gladness shone.

He stood while the stands yelled wildly; only an instant divine; And then the leather globule he placed on the five-yard line.

Oh, he was the College hero, the man whom all revered;

He was the College hero, the man all rivals feared.

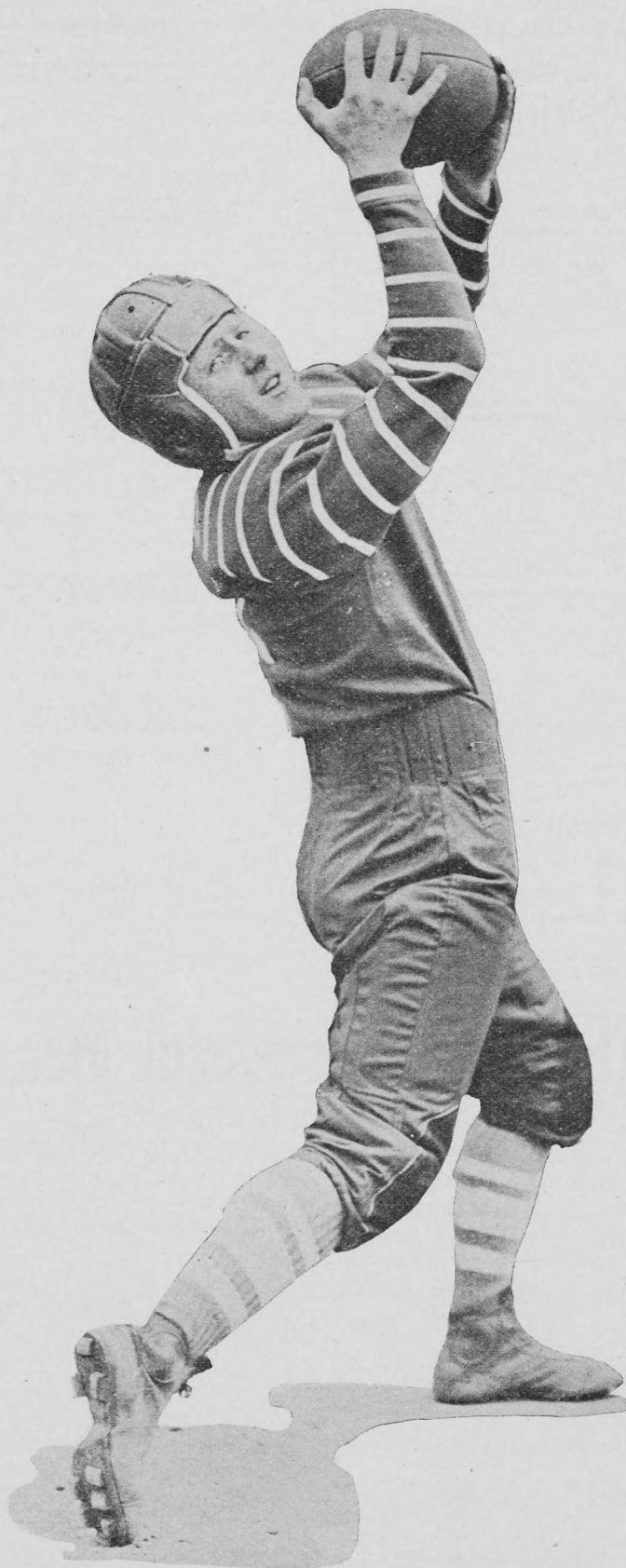
But he is only an ex-one; one who was formerly great;

And he is one of a motley crew loading a ship with freight.

—Exchange.

the liveliest spot on Earth. We are wise to Europe, which is more than the general run of travelers can say.

SPORTS



MIKE MONAGLE

Mike Monagle has demonstrated all the qualities of an able football leader. He has played well, but above all he has played in an inspiring manner. It has been his fight and dash which, communicated to the team, has pulled out many a tough battle in the past. This year he is showing the same stuff. But there is a hitch in Mike's dream of bliss; he is football captain, and he is full of fight, full of determination to wrest a full share of glory from the games still before him, yet it seems that this is to be denied to

him. For it looks as though the team at the College this year is not due to last much longer. There are barely enough men on the squad to make a team, and it is impossible to go through the season without sixteen or eighteen men at least.

But Mike is only an example of several others, who have given everything they had for the College when its athletic fortunes were at a low ebb. Now when it is possible for the College to do more athletically it will be a shame if these men are to run out in vain, seeking for the hon-

(Continued on Page 8)

THE YEAR TO COME

The sporting year of 1924-25 gives promise of exceeding even the admirable record set last year. Though all the teams of last season had winning schedules, the addition of quite a few new athletes to the various lineups will undoubtedly produce better teams. Several of the past Seattle College students who pursued their studies elsewhere last year have returned to the fold, and these, along with the new students who have entered, will so bolster the teams that it is hard to see how we can fail to win the majority of our games in any sport.

At the present time football is occupying most of our time, and the prospects for this sport are more bright, possibly, than for any other. Practically all the lettermen are back this year, and besides these there are several more who will likely win regular places.

Captain Monagle predicts a rosy future for the pigskin chasers, and he has tried to infuse his pep, not only into every member of the squad, but into the student body as well. Mike expects to lead the team to victory, and with the co-operation of the students he can do so.

Another on whom the future of the team depends largely is the athletic manager, George Stuntz, and he has shown by his work last year that he can be depended upon to do full justice in his line.

As it was not known whether there would be a sufficient turnout to procure the services of a coach at the beginning of the season, due to the early dismissal of the College classes, Mr. Dunne, S. J., has taken over the reins for a few days, and is putting the aspirants through their paces. But the situation has induced the Faculty to consent to the acquirement of a coach. This will greatly relieve Mr. Dunne, as he has his classes to look after.

Six of last year's lettermen are back, and are anxiously waiting for the season of the inside sport to open. The hoop squad this year will be heavier, stronger and more experienced, and should have a more impressive string of victories than last year.

In baseball, too, practically all of last year's squad are ready to display their wares when the season opens in the spring, and several of our past students who have returned are practical certainties to make the team.

The tennis players are expecting a great season under the tutelage of Mr. Dunne, S. J., and expect to get back at Columbia University for the defeat of last year.

SPORT SPOTLIGHT

Captain Mike Monagle has been one of the most instrumental in putting the team to the fore this year, and he deserves the support of every-one at the school. In addition to being one of the cleverest players on the team, Mike instills that fighting spirit in the squad, which means many victories when defeat is imminent.

Egan, last year's captain, is in the lineup again, and this heavy linesman should do some valuable work in the forthcoming games.

Joe Penozza and John Paul are back to do their stuff on the gridiron. The call of the pigskin is not unheard by the South Park twins, and a College team without them would be no team at all.



Among the Juniors of last year Jerry Haughian and Denny McLaughlin look like promising material for the regular squad this year. Both of them distinguished themselves last year, and if they keep up their good work will win permanent places.

What is most lacking at present is a good kicker. Ralph Ferrandini, the rangy end, has not yet turned out, but expects to be out soon to fill this want. In his absence Phil Mattingly has proved the best of the lot, and did the kicking in the Bellingham game.

The Bellingham fiasco showed that there is not the true spirit in regard to the football team among the student body. It is not due to the lack of material, for there are enough eligibles to make two good first teams, if they would turn out. The enthusiasm that was shown at the start of the season has fallen off, and more than half the candidates have given up the ghost. The team went into the game with in-

(Continued on Page 8)

DOINGS OF JUNIOR FOOTBALL STARS

If the display of pep and enthusiasm manifested by the Junior Football candidates in their initial turnout is any indication of the quality to be shown during the coming season, then the pigskin enthusiasts may be well satisfied with the way the coming stars of the College will handle themselves. Before the call was sounded for the Varsity football warriors to assemble, even before the warm rays of the summer sun had been moderated by the crispness and coolness of genuine autumn weather, Mr. Falvey, S. J., the coach, announced the day for the Junior stars to don their "monkey suits" and display their wares.

Forty-five husky and healthy lads in all—which, upon close consideration, is some turnout for a High School with less than 200 students—answered the call to the game, each one determined to capture a coveted position on the eleven. Actions speak louder than words, and the spirit of the candidates as they set to work on the campus eagerly and with determination expressed their great interest in football. Not for a long time has such a pitch of enthusiasm been reached in any Seattle College turnout. The interest manifested speaks well for the flourishing condition of Junior athletics, and presages a glorious year for the younger teams.

But ability is also needed; enthusiasm alone never made any team; thus eight hopefuls were quickly dropped from the squad. The second pruning found ten more wanting. Thus by the end of the first week the squad was down to its normal size, and hard scrimmage began the real work of the season.

Notwithstanding the excellent gathering, the loss of Jerry Haughian, Denny McLaughlin, Charles Suver, Louis O'Callaghan, Charles Lauer and Jim Guiry, stars on last year's team, will be deeply felt. McLaughlin and Haughian have graduated to the first team; Suver and O'Callaghan are at Los Gatos studying for the priesthood, while neither Jim Guiry nor Charles Lauer returned to school.

Still most of last year's team is with us, and it is quite evident from their play that they have lost none of their old-time ability. "Tony" Hein is again showing the boys how tackle should be played, and some mighty fine football will have to be displayed to banish him from the line-up. Pond is showing class at end, while McMullen, Shattuck and several others from last year's squad are bolstering up the line. Meade and McCarron are left in the backfield, both of them triple-threat men of the finest type. However, though the old men naturally have the benefit of experience, there is some fine material after their places. Ray O'Hearn and "Gordy" Wayne have been outstanding. O'Hearn, however, is out for the season with a bad injury to his leg. Wayne, after starring at end, has proved that he is more of a star at halfback.

MIKE MONAGLE

(Continued From Page 7)

ors that are rightfully theirs.

It is a great thing to play on a winning team, and the fellows who are not turning out are withholding this privilege not only from themselves, but from these veterans as well.

Let us see a little more of the fight and determination that have characterized Mike. Two years ago, when he first turned out, he was awkward and green. He made only a perfunctory try at halfback and was a substitute for the season. But he stayed with it, and last year he switched to end, and by his courage and tenacity made himself a master of his position and one of the most reliable players on the team; and certainly one of the most scrappy.

What one has done, others can do. Weight, or rather lack of weight, is not much of an excuse. Mike only weighs about 135 pounds.

The moral is: turn out and help the captain of the team, who so well deserves it, and the men who have also earned your co-operation, to make this year's team the one it should be,—one of the best in the history of the College.

SPORT SPOTLIGHT

(Continued From Page 7)

jured and green men when there are plenty of experienced men who are not out.

The old reliables, Chuck Moriarty and Babe McAteer, are again coming out to coach the squad. Though they have many other duties to attend to they are expecting to find time to teach the boys the gentle art of football. The athletes affirm that they are not so gentle, but they produce the teams, and that is the main thing.

Schmitt has been ripping off yardage consistently, and has a good chance to be numbered among those present when the opening whistle sounds. On the line the most promising of the new men to date seem to be Marmont, a husky, fast and clever guard; Kzlowski, husky, but not so fast, and Bill Kaiser, the deceptive end. Kaiser looks small and looks slow. But he is the fastest man on the squad, and one of the hardest tacklers. Shorrock, O'Brien, Stuckey and English have all shown promise, but have not as yet found the positions in which they would show to the greatest advantage. From observations from the sidelines, it would seem that almost anybody might make the team from the way it is continually shifting. But shifting does not seem to weaken it to any great extent.

Harry Jahn has been appointed manager, and he has already arranged for several games for the youngsters. They will have plenty of opportunity to show their stuff, and, from all indications, they will have plenty of stuff to show.

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